

DENNIS HOPELESS • CULLEN BUNN • MARCO FAILLA • MATT WILSON

# HOUSE OF M™



002

MARVEL

SECRET  
WARS



**THE MULTIVERSE WAS DESTROYED!**

**NOW, ALL THAT REMAINS...IS BATTLEWORLD!**

**A PATCHWORK PLANET COMPOSED OF THE FRAGMENTS OF  
WORLDS--AND THEIR KINGS.**

**MAGNETO RULES THE MUTANT PARADISE OF GENOSHA, HIS  
DREAM FULFILLED: HOMO SUPERIOR IS TRULY SUPERIOR  
OVER HUMANITY, AT LONG LAST.**

**PLOTS TO TOPPLE HIS REGIME HAVE COME FROM ALL  
SIDES--FROM THE OPPRESSED HUMAN RESISTANCE  
MOVEMENT, TO HIS VERY OWN SON AND HEIR, PIETRO, WHO  
PLOTS AGAINST HIS FATHER WITH MANIPULATIVE  
ATLANTEAN RULER, NAMOR.**

**IS THIS THE END FOR THE HOUSE OF MAGNUS  
AND ITS GLORIOUS RULE?**

**DENNIS HOPELESS & CULLEN BUNN WRITERS  
MARCO FAILLA ARTIST MATT WILSON COLOR ART  
VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA LETTERER KRIS ANKA COVER ARTIST  
CLAIRE HUMMEL VARIANT ARTIST**

**JESSICA PIZARRO PRODUCTION CHRISTINA HARRINGTON ASSISTANT EDITOR KATIE KUBERT EDITOR  
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER  
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER**



I HAD YOUR FLAME  
SNUFFED LONG  
AGO, OLD FOE.

YOU'RE  
WASTING YOUR  
BREATH.

## MAGNETO'S PRIVATE STUDY.



THOUGH IF  
YOUR PLAN WAS  
TO ENGULF ME IN  
WARM, WET STINK, I  
SUPPOSE YOU'VE  
SUCCEEDED.

I PLAN TO  
PICK CHUNKS OF  
YOU OUT FROM  
BETWEEN MY TEETH  
WITH SHARDS OF  
YOUR CHILDREN'S  
BONES.

IT'S GOOD  
TO HAVE  
GOALS.

WHY DO  
YOU SPEND  
SO MUCH TIME  
MOVING PIECES  
AROUND THAT  
BOARD?

CHESS IS  
A GAME OF  
STRATEGY AND  
SACRIFICE. A GAME  
OF WAR. PLAYING  
IT KEEPS MY MIND  
SHARP.

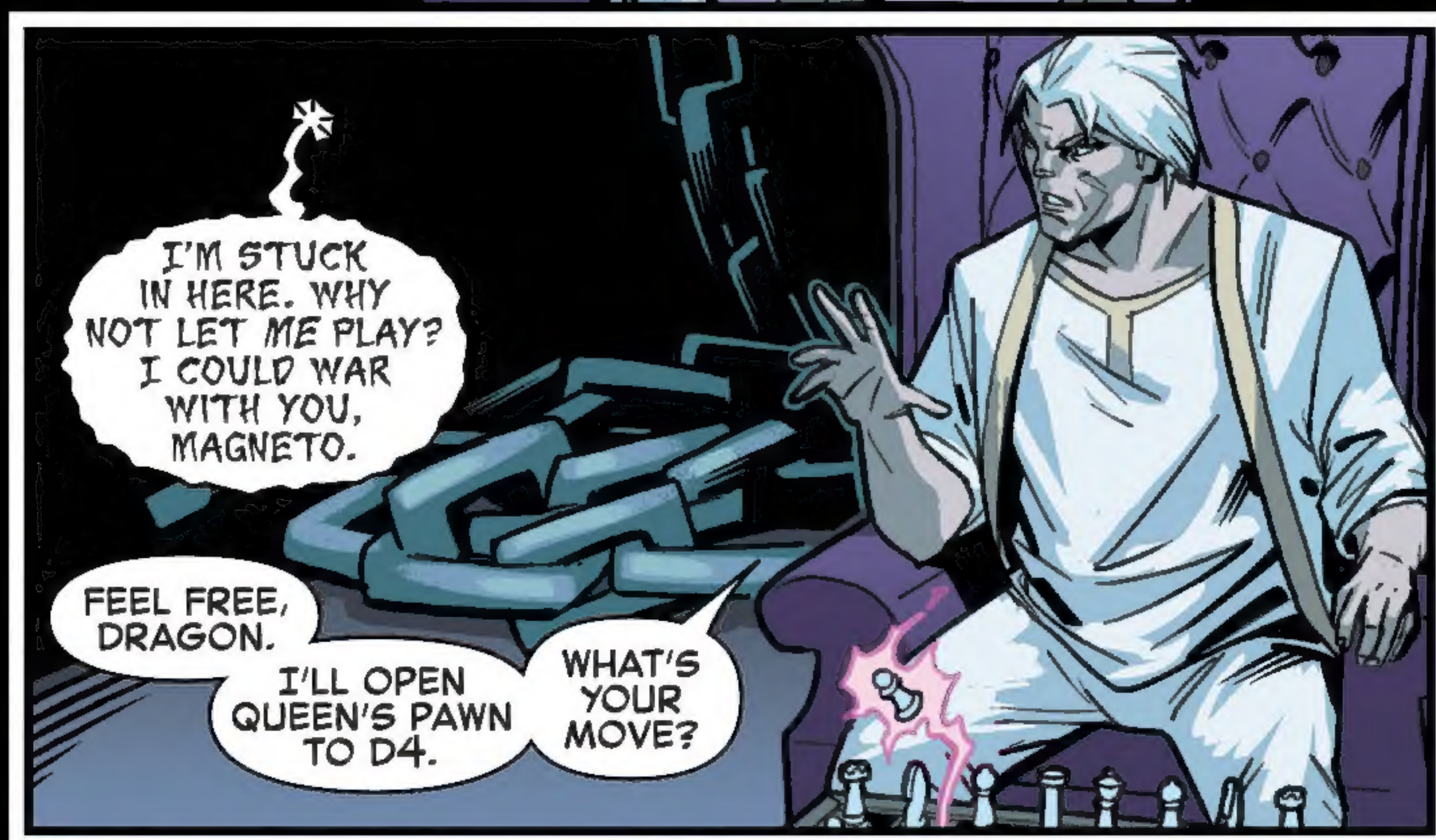


HOW MUCH  
SATISFACTION DO  
YOU GET WINNING  
A WAR AGAINST  
YOURSELF?

VERY  
LITTLE.

BUT AS ALL  
OF MY WORTHY  
ADVERSARIES ARE  
EITHER SHACKLED  
PRISONERS...OR  
DEAD AND  
GONE--

--I  
MAKE  
DO.



I'M STUCK  
IN HERE. WHY  
NOT LET ME PLAY?  
I COULD WAR  
WITH YOU,  
MAGNETO.

FEEL FREE,  
DRAGON.

I'LL OPEN  
QUEEN'S PAWN  
TO D4.

WHAT'S  
YOUR  
MOVE?

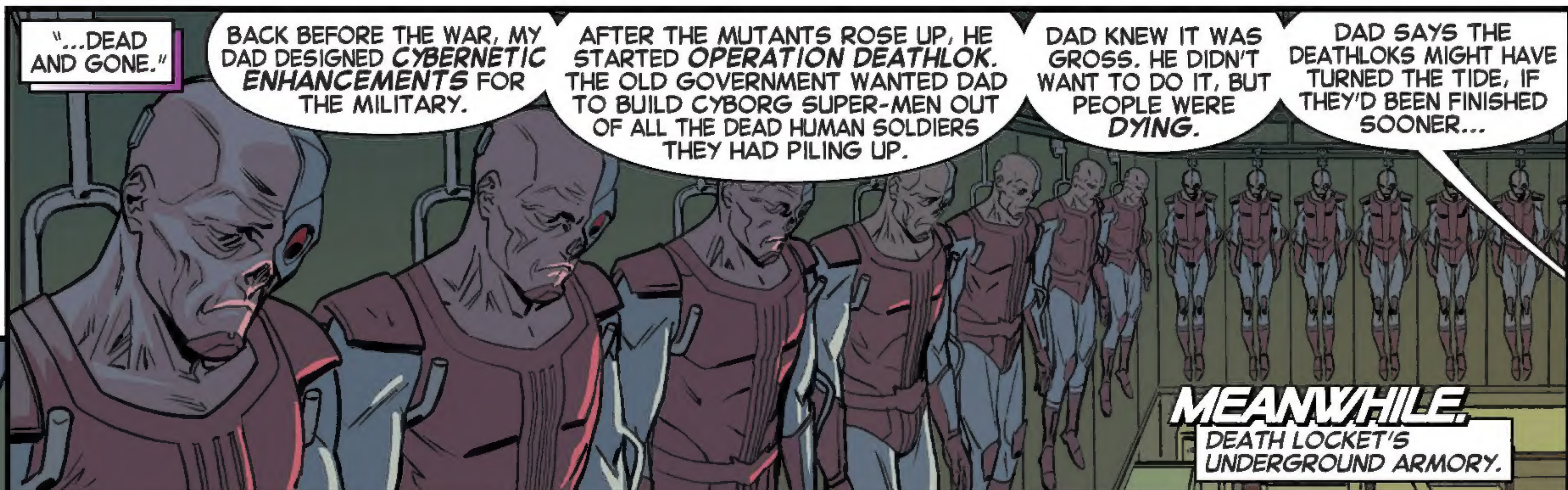


I'D START  
BY RIPPING OUT THAT  
TINY HORSE'S THROAT  
AND SPITTING IT IN YOUR  
QUEEN'S FACE WHILE I  
SNAP HER HUSBAND'S  
NECK WITH THE TIP  
OF MY TAIL.

?SIGH?

THOSE WORTHY  
ADVERSARIES...ONCE  
SO WIDESPREAD...

NOW...



"...DEAD  
AND GONE."

BACK BEFORE THE WAR, MY  
DAD DESIGNED *CYBERNETIC  
ENHANCEMENTS* FOR  
THE MILITARY.

AFTER THE MUTANTS ROSE UP, HE  
STARTED *OPERATION DEATHLOK*.  
THE OLD GOVERNMENT WANTED DAD  
TO BUILD CYBORG SUPER-MEN OUT  
OF ALL THE DEAD HUMAN SOLDIERS  
THEY HAD PILING UP.

DAD KNEW IT WAS  
GROSS. HE DIDN'T  
WANT TO DO IT, BUT  
PEOPLE WERE  
*DYING*.

DAD SAYS THE  
DEATHLOKS MIGHT HAVE  
TURNED THE TIDE, IF  
THEY'D BEEN FINISHED  
SOONER...

**MEANWHILE.**  
DEATH LOCKET'S  
UNDERGROUND ARMORY.

...MAGNETO  
TORCHED DAD'S  
LAB IN THE MIDDLE OF  
THE NIGHT. MY MOM AND  
BROTHER DIED IN THE  
BLAST. *MOST* OF ME  
MADE IT OUT.

DAD, UM...  
REBUILT THE  
REST.

WE'VE BEEN  
DOWN HERE EVER  
SINCE, BUILDING A  
DEATHLOK *ARMY* FOR  
THE NEXT WAR AND  
DOING WHAT WE CAN  
TO HELP THE HUMAN  
RESISTANCE.

THAT'S  
QUITE A THING.  
WHERE'S YOUR  
FATHER NOW?

THE HUMAN  
REEDUCATION  
CENTER. HE GOT  
PICKED UP IN ONE OF  
KING MAGNUS' RAIDS  
A FEW WEEKS  
BACK.

OH...

SORRY TO HEAR  
THAT, UH, DEATH LOCKET.  
I REALLY APPRECIATE  
EVERYTHING YOU'VE DONE.  
WE'D ALL BE IN A *CELL*  
RIGHT NOW WITHOUT  
YOUR HELP.

AND I'LL  
APPRECIATE IT WHEN  
YOU SINK A COUPLE  
OF THOSE *ARROWS*  
INTO MAGNETO'S  
THICK HEAD,  
HAWKEYE.

I'M  
SORRY,  
WHAT  
NOW?

WE'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU GUYS  
FOR A WHILE. I KNOW LUKE CAGE  
HAD A PLAN TO ASSASSINATE  
MAGNUS.

I'M GONNA  
HELP YOU  
GUYS CARRY  
IT OUT.

THAT PLAN  
WAS FOR AN  
ARMY, GIRL.

MISTY'S  
RIGHT. THERE'S  
ONLY THE THREE  
OF US LEFT.





"...WHILE YOU COOK UP A BATTLE PLAN TO TAKE DOWN THE KING?"

COME ON, THIS WAY. THEY WERE RIGHT BEHIND US.

IF YOU'D JUST LET ME CARRY YOU WE'D ALREADY BE HOME RIGHT NOW.

I PUKE ALL OVER THE PLACE EVERY TIME YOU CARRY ME, SPEED. BESIDES, DO YOU REALLY THINK WE CAN GO BACK TO THE CASTLE TODAY? AFTER WHAT WE JUST DID?

FINE, WICCAN.

**LATER...**

THE STREETS OF GENOSHA.

DOESN'T MEAN WE HAVE TO HIDE FROM A BUNCH OF CHUMP S.H.I.E.L.D. AGENTS. NO WAY THESE GUYS ARE ALLOWED TO TOUCH THE ROYAL GRANDSONS.

STILL GROSS WHEN YOU CALL US THAT.

IT'S WHO WE ARE.

GRANDDAD WILL BE SUPER PISSED IF WE MIX IT UP.

OUR GRANDDAD IS MAGNETO. HE'S SYSTEMATICALLY SUBJUGATING NON-MUTANTS BASED ON SOME ANCIENT GRUDGE.

PISSING HIM OFF IS THE WHOLE POINT!

I GUESS WE ARE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN GET AWAY WITH DEFYING HIM.

EXACTLY.

WHICH MEANS--

--KICKING THE CRAP OUT--

--OF THESE SAD S.H.I.E.L.D. GRUNTS--

--IS OUR CIVIC DUTY.

A FEW MAGIC TRICKS AND SUPER SPEED WILL NOT CHANGE THE WORLD, BOYS.

HUH?



HEY, NO JUDGMENT.

I'M IMPRESSED YOU CAN SCRAP AT ALL WITHOUT CHOKING ON THOSE BIG OL' SILVER SPOONS.



CHOKER ON *THIS*, WOLVERINE!

TELL ME AGAIN WHY I'M SUPPOSED TO BE SCARED OF A GUY--

--WHO NAMED HIMSELF AFTER A MEAN WEASEL.

WHAT WEASEL--?!

WHOA!



DOESN'T S.H.I.E.L.D.'S ELITE RED GUARD--

--HAVE ANYTHING BETTER--

--TO DO TODAY--

--THAN CHASE A COUPLE KIDS?

**BAMF**



YEAH. WE DO.

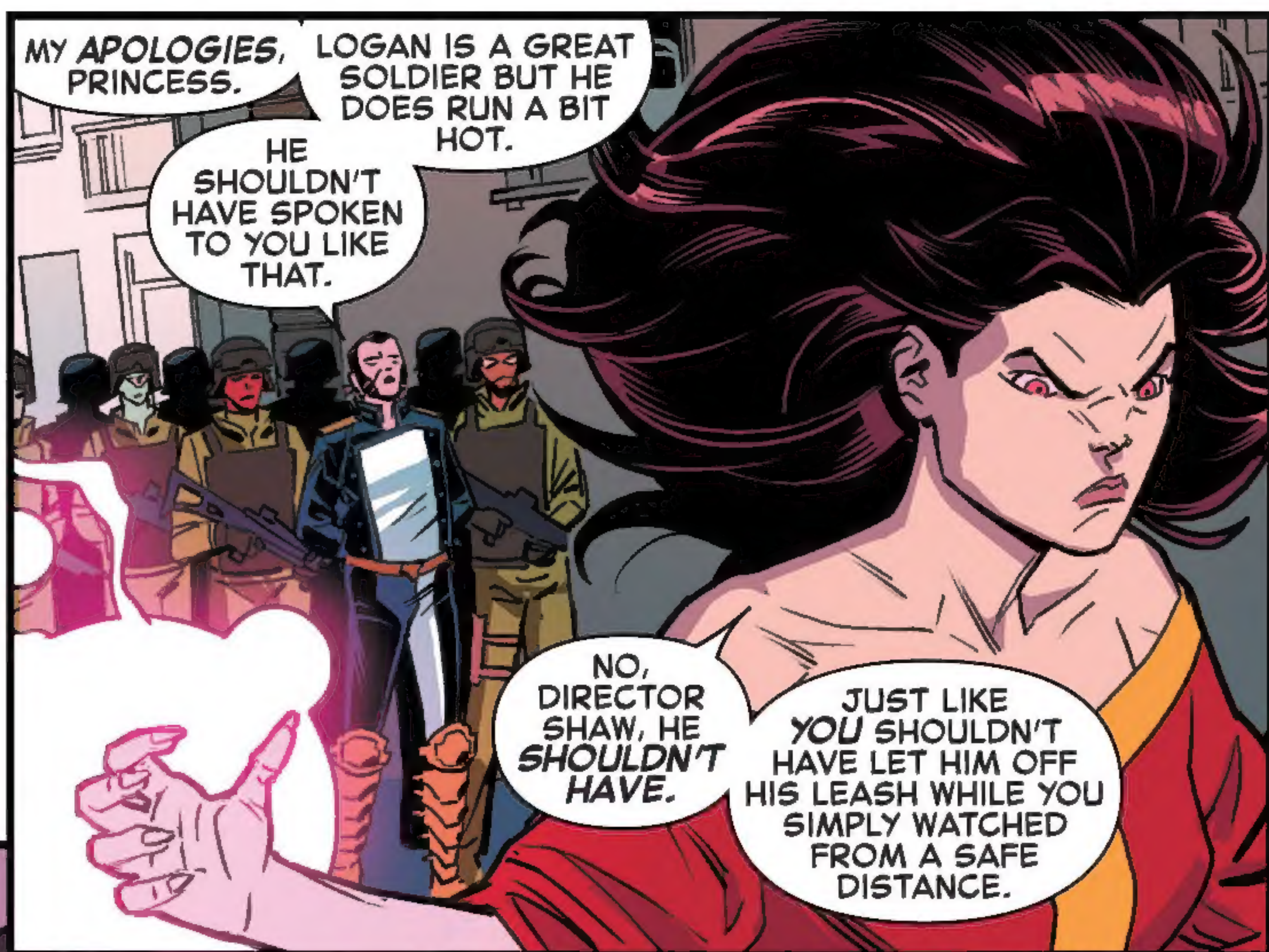
**SHIKT!**

AND IF YOUR NAME DIDN'T START WITH THAT CAPITAL M--



DID YOU REALLY JUST THREATEN MY CHILDREN, LOGAN?





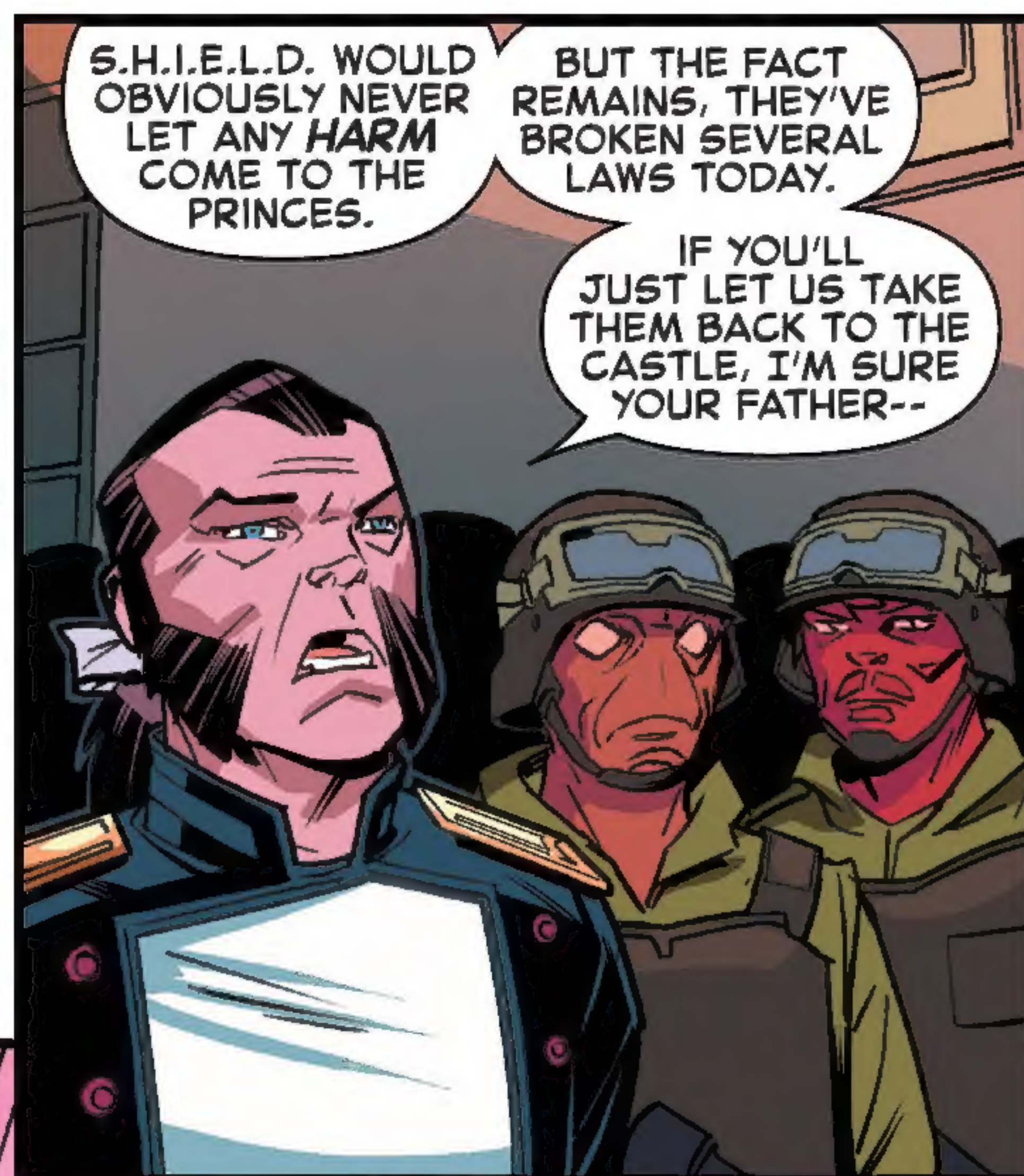
MY APOLOGIES, PRINCESS.

LOGAN IS A GREAT SOLDIER BUT HE DOES RUN A BIT HOT.

HE SHOULDN'T HAVE SPOKEN TO YOU LIKE THAT.

NO, DIRECTOR SHAW, HE SHOULDN'T HAVE.

JUST LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM OFF HIS LEASH WHILE YOU SIMPLY WATCHED FROM A SAFE DISTANCE.



S.H.I.E.L.D. WOULD OBVIOUSLY NEVER LET ANY **HARM** COME TO THE PRINCES.

BUT THE FACT REMAINS, THEY'VE BROKEN SEVERAL LAWS TODAY.

IF YOU'LL JUST LET US TAKE THEM BACK TO THE CASTLE, I'M SURE YOUR FATHER--



NO!



YOU PEOPLE WON'T BE TAKING MY CHILDREN ANYWHERE.

RIGHT. OF COURSE NOT. MY MISTAKE.



DOOMSDAY'S, THAT HURTS!

WHAT NOW, SIR?

NOW?  
NOW WE SMILE, BOW AND THANK THE PRINCESS FOR REMINDING US--

"--THAT IN THE  
MONARCHY OF M--

"--THE CHILDREN OF  
MAGNUS CAN DO  
AS THEY PLEASE."

**THE COAST  
OF GENOSHA.**

**FW  
OOOOSH**

FINALLY!  
SWEET, SWEET  
OXYGEN.

BLARRGH,  
NAMOR! THESE  
ORGANIC MASKS  
ALWAYS FEEL LIKE  
I'M SNOGGING  
AN OCTOPUS.

DON'T YOU  
EVER STOP  
COMPLAINING,  
QUICKSILVER?

NOT  
USUALLY,  
NO.

HMM. WELL,  
THE CONSTANT  
GROUSING  
ENDS NOW.

SHUT YOUR  
MOUTH, LIFT  
YOUR CHIN UP  
AND SMILE.

"I'M  
ABOUT TO  
MAKE YOU  
KING."

CASTLE  
MAGNUS.



WE GOT  
INCOMING!

WHAT  
IS IT?

LOOKS  
LIKE, UM...

...ZOMBIE  
CYBORGS...

...WITH  
JETPACKS.



ZOMBIE  
CYBORGS?

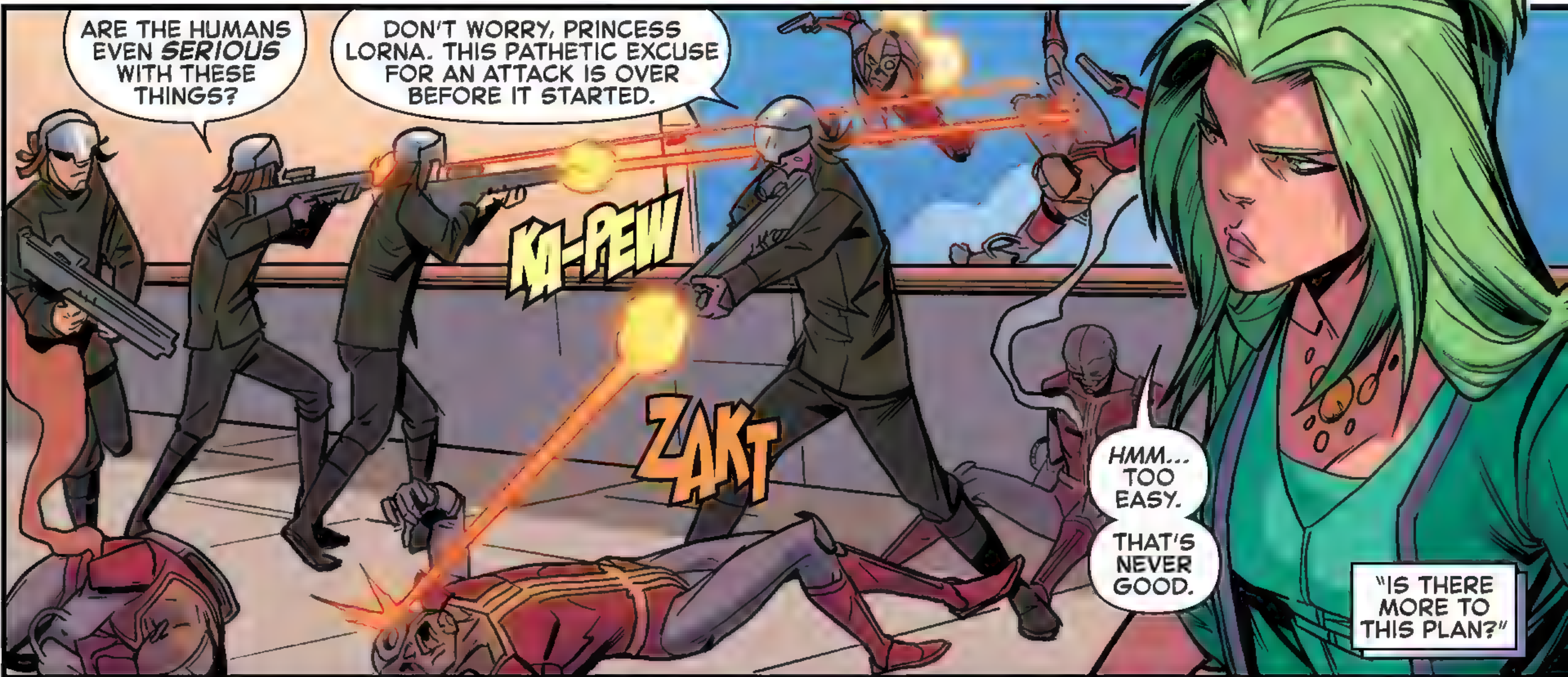
I DUNNO,  
MAN! WHAT  
DO YOU WANT  
ME TO CALL  
'EM?

ROBO-  
CORPSES?  
YEAH, THAT'S  
NOT  
BETTER.

BOOM  
BOOM



FAN OUT.  
DON'T LET  
ANYONE NEAR  
THE EAST  
GATE.



ARE THE HUMANS  
EVEN *SERIOUS*  
WITH THESE  
THINGS?

DON'T WORRY, PRINCESS  
LORNA. THIS PATHETIC EXCUSE  
FOR AN ATTACK IS OVER  
BEFORE IT STARTED.

KA-PEW

ZAKT

HMM...  
TOO  
EASY.

THAT'S  
NEVER  
GOOD.

"IS THERE  
MORE TO  
THIS PLAN?"



THE DISTRACTION GOT US CLOSE, FELICIA, BUT THE DEATHLOKS ARE ABOUT AS HARD TO DROP AS--

LEVEL ONE VIDEO GAME ZOMBIES, WHICH IS EXACTLY WHAT THEY ARE.

WHAT?



WE JUST DROPPED AN ARMY OF EASY-TO-KILL UNDEAD DRONES ON THE EAST LAWN.

HOW MANY HEAVILY ARMED AND EXTREMELY BORED GUARDS--

--DO YOU THINK WE'LL FIND HANGING OUT BACK HERE IN THEIR WEST SIDE MESS HALL?



C'MON, JOHNNY, WE GOTTA GET OUT THERE BEFORE IT'S OVER.

I'M COMING. I'M COMING.

RUEBEN JUST BLASTED ONE IN THE ROBOT EYE AND GREEN GOO SQUIRTED OUT!



WHO THE HELL ARE--

JUST THREE HUMAN RESISTANCE REBELS--



--COME TO KNOCK YOU ON YOUR--

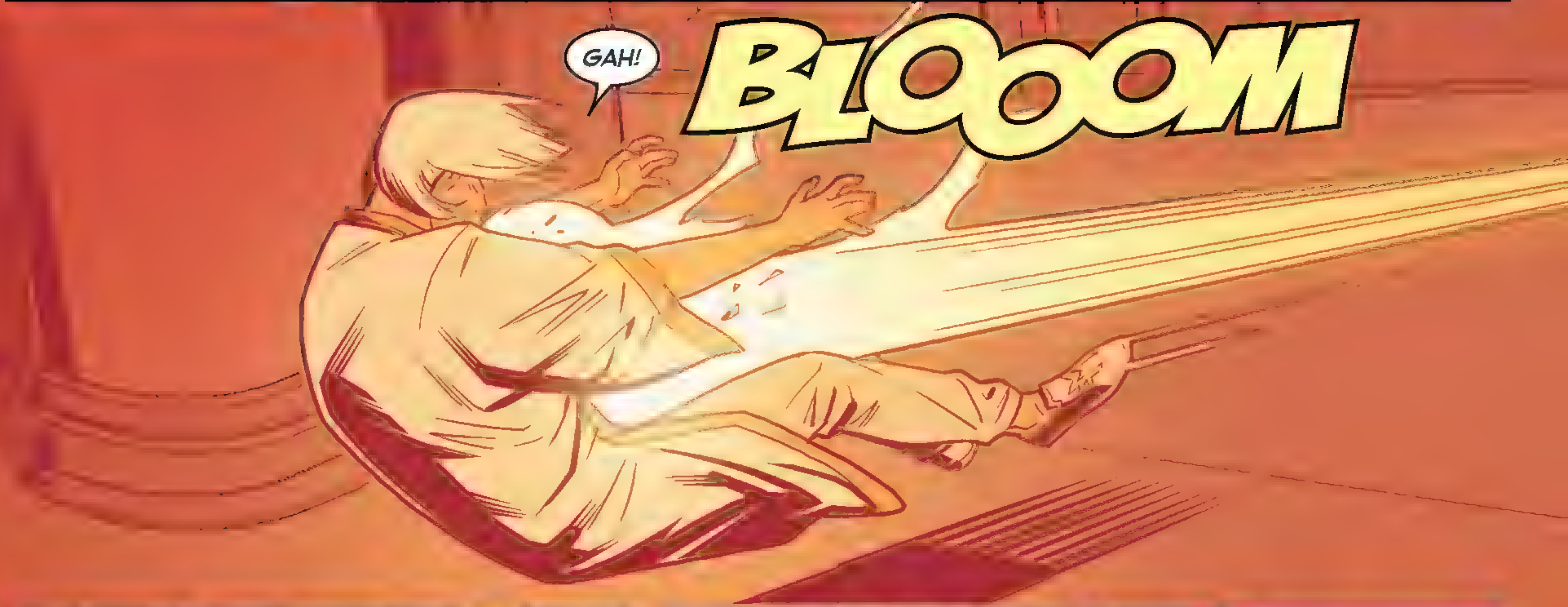
**BLOOM**



WHAT IS GOING ON OUT THERE WITH ALL THE **BLASTING?!**

DOOM ONLY KNOWS HOW I'M SUPPOSED TO RULE WHEN NO ONE EVER BOTHERS TO TELL ME ANY--

**MAGNETO'S STUDY.**



GAH!

**BLOOM**



I'D BE HAPPY TO FILL YOU IN RIGHT QUICK.



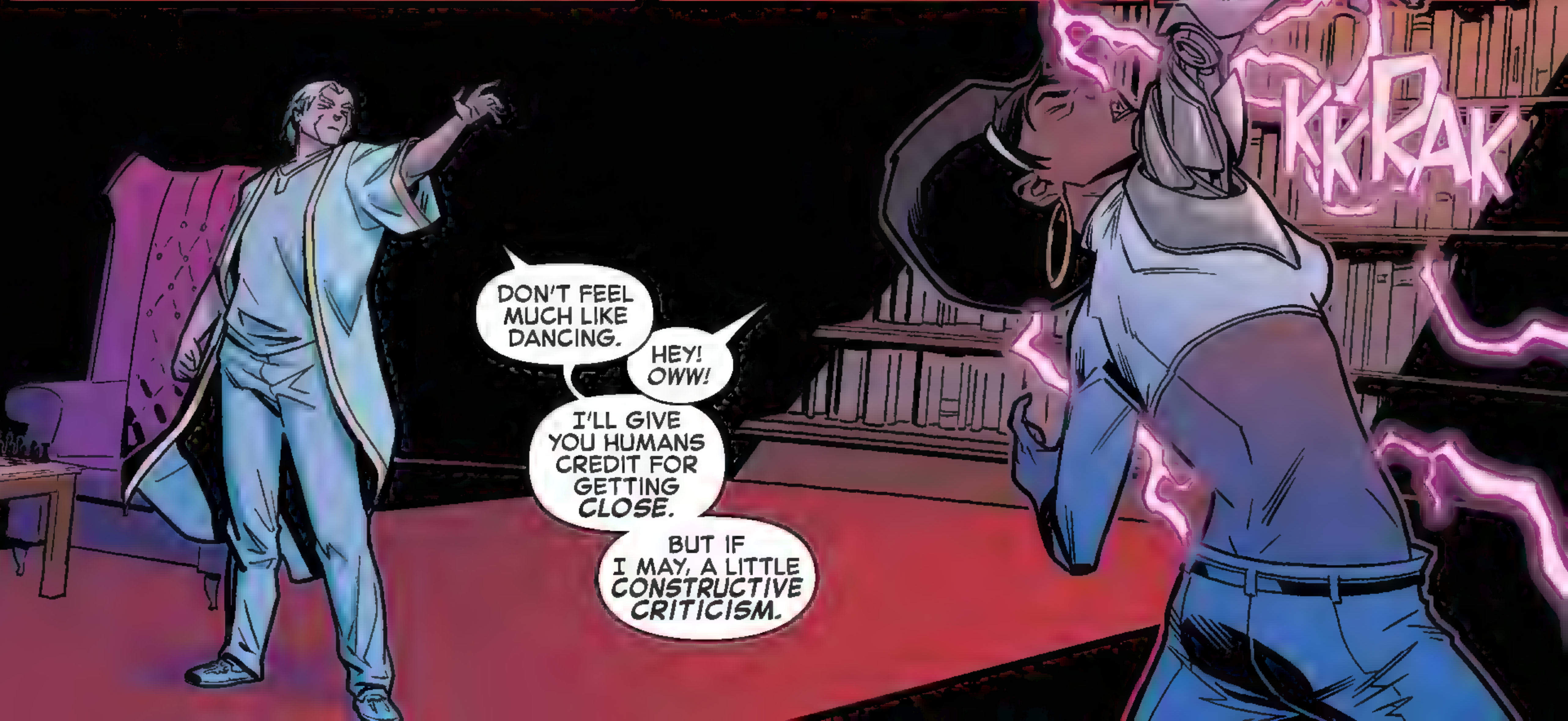
YOUR GUARDS ARE IDIOTS.

THE CASTLE'S BEEN BREACHED.

I JUST KNOCKED YOU ON YOUR KINGLY **BUTT--**

--AND NOW IT'S TIME TO DANCE.

HMM. NO.



DON'T FEEL MUCH LIKE DANCING.

HEY! OWW!

I'LL GIVE YOU HUMANS CREDIT FOR GETTING CLOSE.

BUT IF I MAY, A LITTLE CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM.

**KKRRAK**



YOU WERE NEVER GOING TO DEFEAT THE MASTER OF MAGNETISM WITH A PRETTY METAL ARM.

ARRGH!

IT WAS MINE THE MOMENT YOU WALKED INTO THE ROOM.



AND THIS ONE HERE, WELL--

THUMP



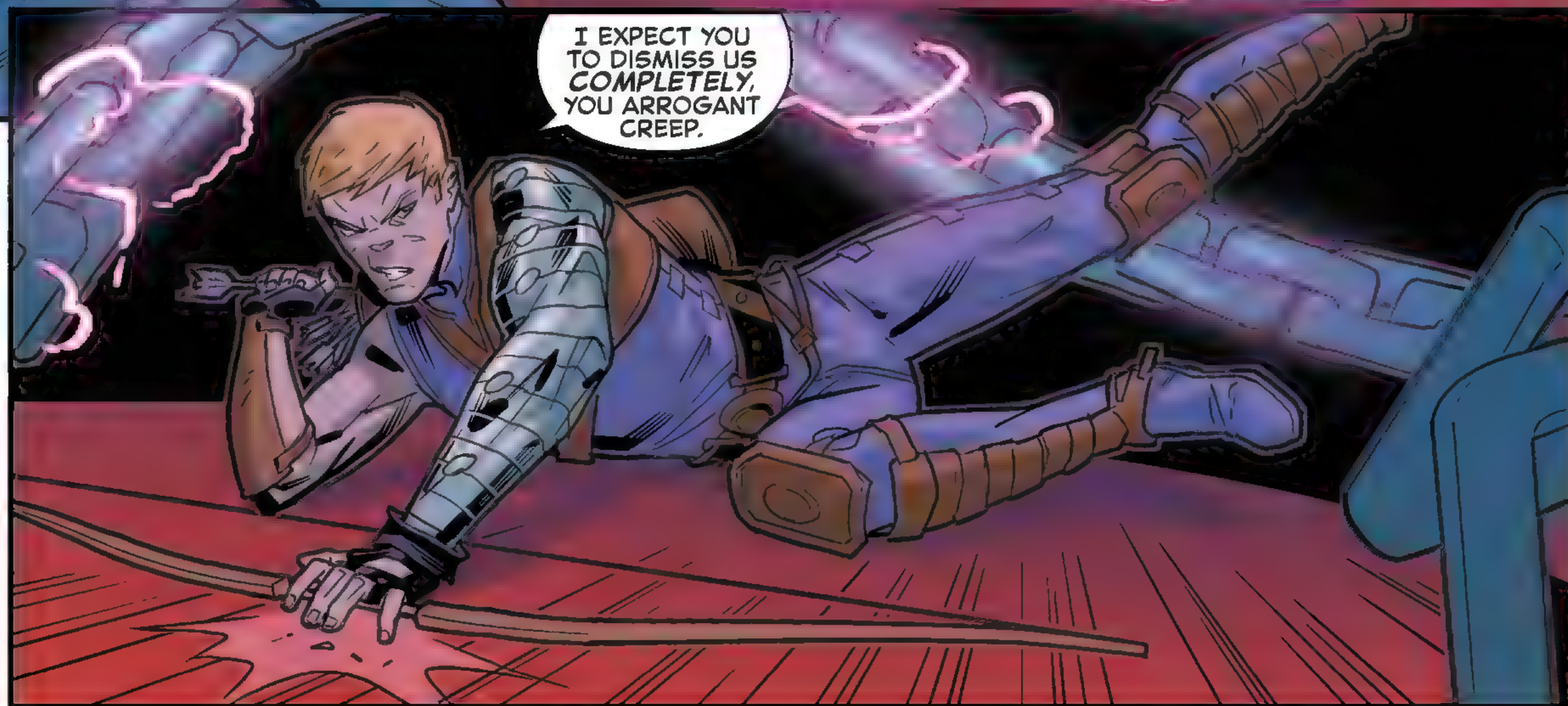
--SHE'S JUST COMPLETELY OUTCLASSED.

THWAK

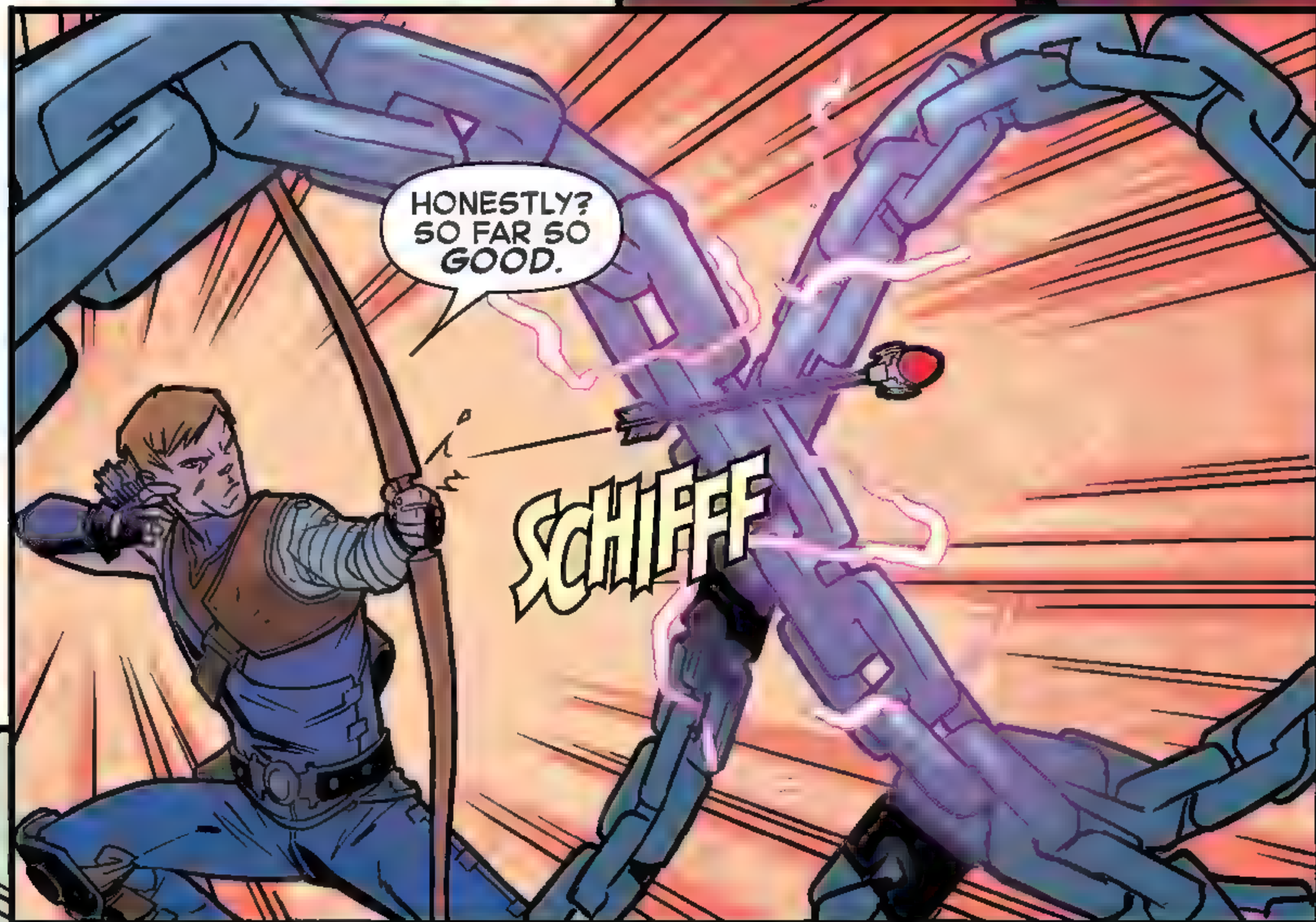


AND THEN THERE'S THE ARCHER MAN.

HOW DO YOU EXPECT TO MAKE ME TAKE YOU PEOPLE *SERIOUSLY* WHEN YOU'VE COME SO DESPERATELY ILL-PREPARED?



I EXPECT YOU TO DISMISS US COMPLETELY, YOU ARROGANT CREEP.



--JUST  
GIVE IT A  
MINUTE.

**KZZZZZ**

**AAGGGHHH!**

**THUMP**

W-WHAT  
HAVE YOU  
DONE?!

OH, JUST  
LEVELED  
THE PLAYING  
FIELD.

CAN YOU  
GUESS WHAT  
I AIM TO DO  
NEXT?

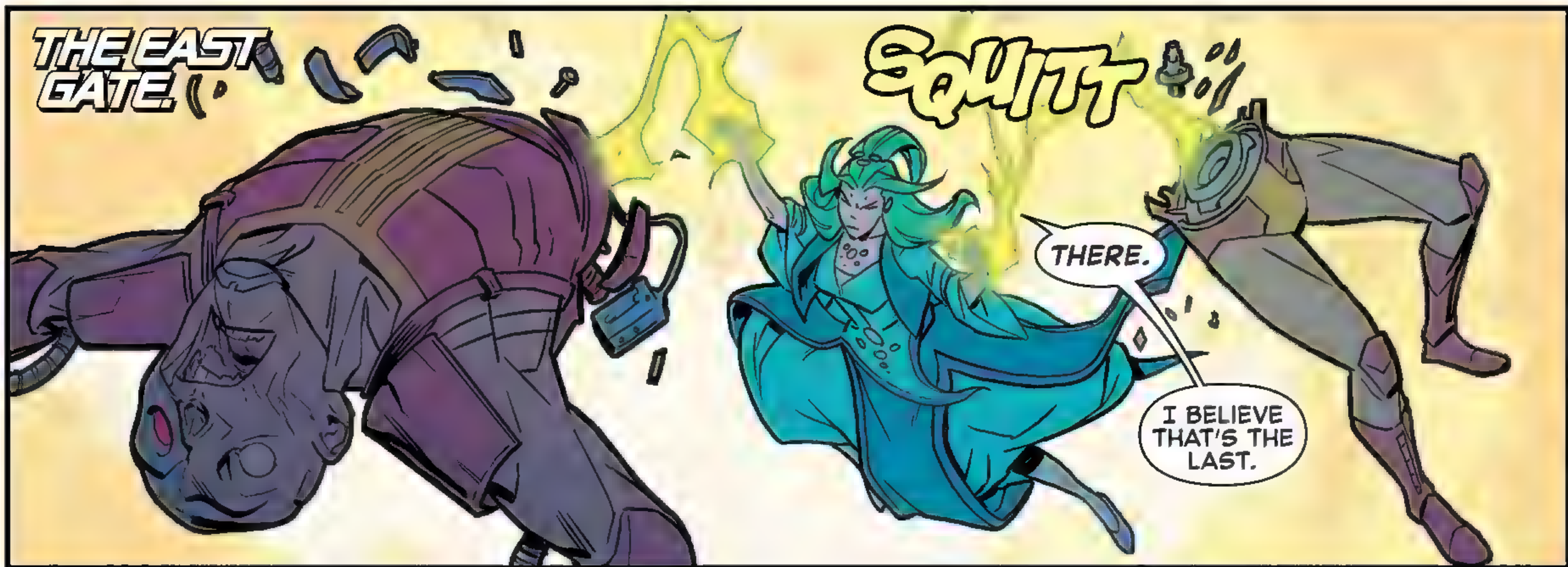
SOME PART  
OF ME WISHES THAT  
I COULD LET THE  
ENEMY OF MY ENEMY  
GO FREE--

--BUT AS  
YOU CAN SEE,  
MY ENEMY IS A  
TINY LITTLE  
THING--

WHAT THE  
#\$%&^?

CLINT...







FATHER!  
ARE YOU ALL  
RIGHT?

RGRRGH--  
**NO!**



WHAT'S  
HAPPENED  
TO YOU?

**HUMANNNNNGG!**

--ASSASSINS!

THEY'VE  
DONE  
SOMETHING,  
LORNA...

...THEY'VE  
COMPROMISED  
MY POWERS.



**RRRGGH!**

SO WEAK...  
THERE'S METAL  
IN THE ROOM BUT  
I--ARRGH!

--I CAN'T  
FEEL IT.

THE CYBORGS  
WERE JUST A  
DISTRACTION.



**SHRRK**

WHAT  
CYBORGS?!



DOESN'T  
MATTER. WE HAVE TO GET  
YOU OUT OF HERE AND  
FIGURE OUT WHAT'S  
WRONG WITH--

**WAIT!**

I WANT  
TO WATCH  
FOOM **END**  
THIS PURPLE  
WORM.

AFTER ALL  
THESE YEARS,  
IT'S ABOUT TIME  
THE WRETCHED  
BEAST BROUGHT  
ME A BIT  
OF--



THOUGH THE  
SENTIMENT  
SEEMS A BIT  
HOLLOW JUST  
NOW.





IMPERIUS  
REX.

YES, SEE?  
JUST LIKE  
THAT.

PACKS  
MORE OF A  
PUNCH WHEN  
YOU DON'T  
SCREAM IT.

**NEXT:**  
**BETRAYAL!**

